

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

## AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

### ELECT A DEMOCRATIC ASSEMBLY.

There are many political duties to be performed to-morrow, but none more important than that of saving the State from the unchecked rule of Platt. The election of a Democratic Assembly is something above partisanship—it is essential to good government.

It is not now a question of Democratic control of legislation. That is impossible this year. Platt will still have the Governor and the Senate, however to-morrow's election may go. The question now is that of protecting the public interests against the activity of a Platt absolute monarchy. A Democratic Assembly cannot put a single Democratic measure on the statute book, but it can block any further Republican jobs.

A Democratic Assembly could enforce fair play for the cities. Half the inhabitants of the State are gathered within the limits of this metropolis, but they are ruled from Albany as if they were the people of a conquered province. Their unanimous appeal would have less weight with a Republican Legislature than a single word from Platt. A Democratic Assembly would protect them against any new outrages.

When the suit instituted on the Journal's application for the dissolution of the Ramapo Water Company is brought to trial the courts will probably decide that the corporation must be dissolved. With a Democratic Assembly that action will be final. A Republican Legislature may be expected to give the Ramapo people a new charter, to take the place of the one granted by another Republican Legislature before.

A Democratic Assembly would prevent any further mutilation of the Franchise Tax law. It would give security against any revival of the Mazet Astoria gas grab, which a Republican Assembly, especially if Mr. Mazet should be re-elected, would undoubtedly pass. It would make it impossible to pass a State Constabulary bill, taking the control of the police of this city out of the hands of our own people and giving it to the Governor.

It is admitted on all hands that amendments to the charter are needed. That charter is a Republican instrument, framed by a Republican commission and put through a Republican Legislature by direction of the Republican boss. Whatever mistakes there are in it are Republican mistakes. If we allow them to be corrected by exclusively Republican agencies they will probably be made worse than ever.

Charter amending ought not to be a partisan process. It ought to be approached with consideration for the views and interests of all. With a Democratic Assembly it will be—it will have to be. Nothing can be "jammed through" under the crack of Platt's whip. There will have to be argument, concession and attention to public opinion. The very partisan considerations that would be all powerful in a body controlled by a single party would insure defeat in a body of which each party controlled one branch. Partisanship would have to be eliminated before any amendment to the charter could get through.

It is not necessary for a New Yorker to be a Democrat in order to desire the election of a Democratic Assembly this year. It is necessary merely for him to be a New Yorker.

### Rev. Mr. Wixon's Doctrine of Slaughter.

Some time ago a Californian philosopher rushed into the public prints with a proposal to put all habitual criminals to death.

At that time we pointed out the difficulty of discriminating between habitual criminals and those who commit crimes through adversity and temptation.

Regarding the proposal of wholesale execution of criminals, the Rev. Cyrus F. Wixon, in an address to the Chautauqua Circle of the Trinity Methodist Church, said:

"Justice to humanity demands that in order to obliterate a hereditary source of crime the individual must die.

"Imprisonment for life would be a grievous error. It is not right that 100,000 criminals should be kept in comparative ease at the expense of their fellows, whom they can only injure.

"I would chloroform these confirmed criminals. The guillotine is too bloody, hanging too violent, electrocution too uncertain. In death by chloroform there is no pain, nothing revolting."

Thus the Rev. Mr. Wixon, a Christian minister, serving Him who said, "Thou shalt not kill," would reform the world by making it a shambles.

It is the purely physical sight of death, not the moral aspect of it, that horrifies the Rev. Mr. Wixon. Chloroform is painless, he says. How does he know that the guillotine is not painless? Ah, but the blood of it—Mr. Wixon can bear to rip the soul from the body by chloroform, but not by the axe. An aesthetic murderer, truly.

To the poor, ragged thief who makes a habit of stealing, if caught red-handed with a dozen spoons of thread in his pocket, Mr. Wixon would say: "Off, to your deathbed; the world is better without you."

If the Wixon law were put into effect its author should tag each soul of the 100,000 souls which he would free with an explanatory prayer to this effect: "We hereby return this poor soul to its Maker as unsatisfactory. We hope that in future He will be pleased to furnish mankind with souls of better quality."

The Rev. Mr. Wixon should preach God's word more and talk of slaughter less.

It is said that Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of this State by the grace of San Juan, is forming a political machine of his own.

We can only express our sincere hope that it will work, because rough-riding politics, such as Roosevelt is fond of practising, inevitably defeats its own ends.

### American Women Too Bold, Says Mr. Wu.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister in Washington, has his own ideas regarding the beauty of American womanhood.

In brief, Mr. Wu does not believe that the independence of our women tends to make them happy. They are excellent in the earning of their own livelihood, but Mr. Wu does not believe that it is possible for them to be good wives and mothers.

The Chinese philosopher points with gratification to the state of womanhood as it exists in China. He glories in the gardens that keep them secluded from the world and their estrangement from evil influences and unhealthy aims.

Mr. Wu also asks pertinently if we include among our ideas of womanly beauty waists cramped in steel stays, high heels, rouge and anatomical exposures.

Alas, Mr. Wu! we do. While the Chinese reached the goal of their aesthetic evolution thousands of years ago, we are merely struggling in the gray dawn of ours.

If Mr. Wu could have seen the American woman of forty years ago he would have felt a yet deeper grief over the change. The women of that day were Chinese to all intents and purposes. It was their fashion to be weak and helpless. They cramped their feet in a way that would have gladdened Mr. Wu's heart.

In those days the woman with the smallest waist was considered as possessing a notable point of beauty. In consequence of this women went about with their tongues hanging out from compression. Languid indolence and the capacity for fainting at trifles were among their characteristics. Painting flowers, as the Chinese women do, was too exhausting.

The change from those halcyon days of weak women, when even the most enervated husband need not have feared a broomstick or a stovelfter, has been gradual and depressing.

Women have become larger in their waists and ideas. They are distressingly healthy. Mr. Wu. They go about the world earning their own living. They walk out alone on the streets with a high, proud step that tells of a confidence in American manners and morals.

Are they the worse for it? Well, we are a young nation as yet, and perhaps our judgment at that point is not as good as Mr. Wu's.

Young Rockefeller is making a notable beginning in Wall Street. Since he took his first flyer, about a month ago, he has cleared a million dollars. The sum is now locked in the strong box of the Standard Oil Company. We do not know who has lost it, but we suspect that it was the common people.

### Politicians on Reform.

There was practical politics of the most solid kind in the symposium by Robert Mazet, Richard Croker and Clarence Lexow in the Editorial Section of yesterday's Journal. These statesmen all wrote about reform. The appearance of any one of them in any meeting of professional reformers would create a sensation, but they have evidently given the subject thoughtful consideration, and the ideas they express are worthy studying. It is rather curious that both Mr. Mazet and Mr. Croker—each of whom has referred to the other of late in terms somewhat below the extreme limit of flattery—are convinced that the New York charter ought to be radically amended, and they agree on some of the most important of the amendments desirable. Both, for instance, say that the police should have a single head, and that the Mayor should have the power to remove his appointees at any time.

### TALKS WITH JOURNAL READERS.

#### Profits of Street Railways.

Editor of the New York Journal:

President Vreeland, in explaining the running expenses of street railways to his employees, divided a five cent piece into its proper proportions as related to labor, material, taxes and interest. When he got through he left only three-fourths of one cent out of every fare for the stockholders. President Vreeland's statement is absurd. A street railroad like the Metropolitan is not existing on such a figure as this. I have worked for the street railways, and I know that the stockholders get at least two cents out of every five.

Nov. 5. DAVID O'CONNOR.  
Mr. Vreeland was probably correct. If the company gets three-fourths of one cent out of every five cents, it gets something like eighteen cents out of every dollar, eighteen dollars out of every hundred, and one hundred and eighty dollars out of every thousand. This makes a very comfortable income for the stockholders.

Mr. Vreeland deducts interest from the nickel. If that were added to dividends it would make capital's share of the receipts about two cents in every five, and our correspondent would be satisfied.

#### American Aid for English Soldiers.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I notice in the Morning Journal that Vanderbilt, Morgan, Grace, Astor, Mills, Bradley Martin and others have contributed thousands of dollars toward the fitting out of a hospital ship for the British wounded in the Transvaal.

And still you call them good American citizens. I do not call any man a good American citizen who is forever toadying to the English. Only a few months ago Morgan, of Wall Street, gave \$25,000 for the "Electric Lighting of St. Paul's, in London." Think of it! Is it not sickening?

Nov. 5. ELMER D. FOSTER.  
Our vehement correspondent seems unduly agitated. Having acquired wealth, a man has an inalienable right to spend it as he pleases. If our rich men insist upon lighting St. Paul's electrically, pray let them do it. If they desire to spend their fortunes in alleviating the condition of the London poor, instead of the New York poor, they have that privilege.

If they insist upon pitying and helping the British soldiers, instead of our poor, fever-stricken countrymen in the Philippines, we do not see that we can justly complain. While it is true that some of these men have no more patriotism than a codfish, their right to spend their money as they please cannot be questioned.

To ease our correspondent's feelings we point to the patriotic example of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who refused to subscribe to the English hospital ship fund because she considered that all American money that could be got together should be used in relieving our sick and wounded in the Philippines.

#### Keep at It.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I am a young man without employment and possessing only one friend except God, and except for her I would have to do as a good many other poor people do—either beg or steal. I have tried many different places to get work without success, and only for this friend that loves me I would do something desperate. \* \* \* If I had a chance I think I could learn almost anything.

Nov. 1. HENRY V. H.—  
It is a pretty hard matter to help a helpless young man twenty-four years old, especially a young man weak enough to think of suicide as a recourse.

You say that somebody loves you. There is your foundation stone. We venture to say that she does not sit down and mope. Get out and hunt work. Anything, everything that is honest. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands. Hustle!

If one week passes fruitlessly don't lie down under the terrible blow. Get up and go it again. Don't let ten weeks' failure bother you. When you get a job hang to it until you get something better. Make it a stepping stone. Suicide is the act of a weakling and a coward.

# WIXON'S DRACONIAN CURE FOR CRIME MADE A PREACHER'S TEXT.

THERE are few criminals, very few criminals who reform—not one in a hundred. A man, of course, may commit any grave offense against the laws of society through heat of passion, through exigence of circumstances, through mistake. With him my theory does not deal. But the man who has offended twice, I would chloroform him.

"Is it right that men should allow him to live, to have offspring and bequeath to them the hereditary tendency to infringe upon the rights of others?"

"I would chloroform these confirmed criminals. The guillotine is too bloody, hanging is too violent, electrocution is too uncertain and too expensive."

The Rev. Cyrus F. Wixon to the Chautauqua Circle of the Trinity Methodist Church, at Newburg.

created a profound sensation among criminologists by the circumstances surrounding its utterance, has been already published in the Journal, has created a profound sensation among criminologists and on the mind of the public generally, as the following expressions measurably show:

THE REV. DR. CHARLES PARKHURST—I do not know who the Rev. Cyrus F. Wixon is, but the sentiments he expresses are certainly not those of a Christian.

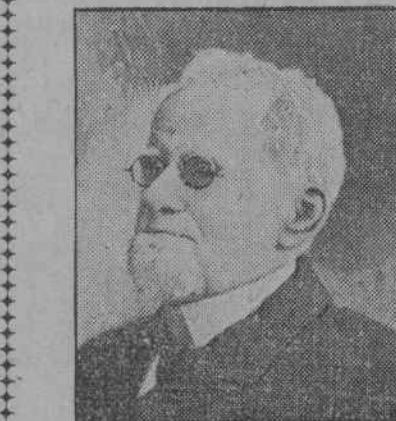
If the world were populated entirely by animals and the main principle of belief were the physical betterment of the world, then I would say with Mr. Wixon, "Let us lop off the dead and dying branches, even as superfluous cats and dogs are killed, and as some savage tribes kill their aged and feeble."

But there is the soul to be looked after as well as the body, and Mr. Wixon's proposed wholesale slaughter certainly wouldn't help society at large.

A popular saying amongst a certain class is "Every one for himself and the devil catch the hindmost." That is evidently Mr. Wixon's idea. But we don't want the devil to catch the hindmost. We want to save him for God, and we can't do that by killing him in wholesale batches.

I believe in punishment and the protection of society, but I do not believe in Mr. Wixon's ideas.

EUGENE SMITH, of the State Prison Board—The most approved and advanced idea upon the subject of the treatment of habitual criminals, I think, is that every person who is once convicted of a crime should be subjected to a reformatory course of prison discipline, and that he



Rev. Cyrus Wixon.

should not be released until it seems safe to the community that he should be set free, and this can only be obtained through the operation of the indeterminate sentence.

But if, after going through such a course of treatment, he again relapses into crime, he ought after such a second offense, or as some authorities urge, a third, be permanently confined.

I consider that there is no greater weakness in our modern civilization than our present system of criminal law, which permits the existence of an habitual criminal class.

Dr. Robert Safford Newton, who has made a specialty of the study of criminology for the past twenty-five years—When Europe for one thousand years has not been able to settle the question of heredity of crime, how can we, with a hundred years and a hundred races, claim to have settled it. New people, new country, new environment are capable of good or evil just as they are protected by society or hunted by society.

Let Society clean her own skirts and act as a bright example of what the true relations of type should be, and we would find that the so-called hereditary criminal is the made criminal. Every student of criminology knows that crime progresses in an inverse ratio. The most daring and desperate crimes are the rarest crimes; succeeding crimes decrease both in point of plot and execution and

are less dangerous, until finally the criminal becomes a mere petit larceny man or sneak thief if he continues in the business long enough.

The years of attempted crime have brought him to the knowledge of police, and after this he does little or no effective work.

In my opinion there is no more effective deterrent of crime than the example of an old broken-down unsuccessful criminal wandering about at large.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters—I think Mr. Wixon made a very foolish assertion when he said that there are few criminals who reform. I have known of cases where the reformed criminal retrieved his past terrors by living a most commendable life from a citizen's point of view. I suggest that the visitations of prisons by both laymen and ministers would be an excellent way of helping him to better his life on leaving prison and thus decrease criminality.

It would be decidedly un-Christianlike to deprive even the confirmed criminal of life. It would be in direct opposition to our Lord's teachings. If Mr. Wixon looks into statistics he will find that hereditary crime is at a much lower average than one would expect from the fact that criminals rear their children in an environment decidedly unfavorable to morality; and that despite this fact many good men are the children of criminal parents.

THE REV. DR. ROBERT STEWART MACARTHUR—The Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is the best answer I can give to the Rev. Cyrus F. Wixon's views on criminology. If you trespass on this portion of God's laws, upon which man's laws are based, the entire structure will fall.

Give criminals a hope of a future better life in the love of God and you will do much to decrease criminality. No man who has committed a crime lives without a hope of a better future. In visiting prisons I have never met a man who would express a wish to be out of jail in order to return to his evil ways.

A. W. GARDNER, M. D.—From a medical standpoint it might be said that the world would be better without the presence of a much depraved, diseased criminal, but humanity clings to life, even in the most wretched circumstances. Every prisoner has a hope that there is one chance in a thousand for his pardon from prison before he dies, in order that he may have a chance to enjoy freedom in an exemplary manner. He grasps at that one chance like a dying man and hope makes him buoyant in spirit. Few men in such good spirits would ever return to their criminal ways.

## MR. DINKELSPIEL MEETS JEFFRIES.

HE TELLS THE CHAMPION WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE GREAT FIGHT.

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I HAD just held a short conversation with my lieber old college chum, Chim Jeffries, vich he is der human railroad accident vich vent to a pinkness tea mit Tum Shirkey, der human boiler explosion.

"Vell, Chim," I set, ven ye med mit each udder. "I understand dot you vent out der udder night and made some enoyment for yourself and Tum Shirkey? I haf always been a great admiration for der cheute skience of prize-fighting, bud dot was der fairst dime I efer saw a stone-quarry trying to vip der daylight out of a coal-mine. Ditt I hurt you, Chim, ven you got a smash on der rips vot charred der whole ocean front of der Umpire State?"

"Wie gehts, Dinky?" set Chim, making a shord-arm chub to shook hands mit me, vich I slide-stepped and avoidment mit clefeness. "Ditt you see der baddie, Dinky?"

"Ja," I set, "I was looging ad id mit der excitement of der dime ven der electricity lights put any lamps on der bin."

"Put your lamp on der bin?" repetitioned Chim.

"Hat ha!" I set, "I am not a prize-fightingist, bud, py Chimmeddy, I am not a prize-fightingist, I make! You can make your life a bet on dot! Ven I say der electricity lights put my lamps on der bin I haf reference to der vay I cannot see mit my eyes because der electricity lights pud dem on der bin—on der bin, ferstay!"

"Aha!" set Chim, laughing in his sleef because his chest haf such a soreness. "Now I recognition der meaning of your vords, bud ven you speak ad me I always haf to uppercut your vords a cubble of dimes before I know vot is id you was talking. Vot is your opinion in your estimation of der fight I hat mit Tum Shirkey?"

"Vell, Chim," I set, "is a great mysteriousness to me vy der undertaker had not some pizness to attendance to right away ven you and Tum passed der complimentarys af der season ad each udder. Haf you got your solo appoplexus tied up in a red flannels?"

"Nein," set Cheff, "my solo appoplexus is still doing solos ad der same old stand."

"Vell, Chim," I set, "how does id feel to ged a smash in der solo appoplexus?"

"Put your pipe and your hat on der chair and I vill illustration der sensationism py gifting you a short-arm cholt," set Cheff.

"If id is all der same to you, Cheff, I vould prefeeration dot you speak about it," I set. "Id might pleasure my helrs and assignments fairst rate to haf you illustration der madder py handling me a shord-arm cholt, bud I always haf a great fondness for dying py degrees and nod py a swiftness. Speak id to me, Cheff, speak id to me!"

"Der blows vich a prize-fightingist makes mit his conversation doan't gadder up much wealth in der safety deposit," set Cheff.

"I see vot you are an epigrammer, too!" I set.

"To der victor belongs der newspaper space!" set Cheff, pouring a boddle of amickey ofer der knickies on his left thumb.

"Here is a jeddle madder about dot fight vich I vould make id a palinness," I set. "I dink id vas in der twenty-fairst round, Ja, I am surely id vas in der twenty-fairst round, because a friend of mine vich I did not know him previously he used my derpy hat to stant up on id and yell. Vell, in der twenty-fairst round id vas



Dinkelspiel Appalled at Jeffries's Invitation.

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like dink; Shirkey led mit his left and proke Cheff's nose; den Cheff, retaliation py breaking run of Shirkey's rips; den Shirkey vas annoyed and he proke Cheff's spinal meckins near der waistline mark; den Cheff blushed and proke Shirkey's visbone, and den der men behind der guns dey came out and pigged up a cubble of buggers of bleed. Am I correctness mit der vay I kept der score, Chim?"

"Ja," set Chim: "I vas a leadle busy ad der dime, bud to der best of my believings dot is vot habbened."

"Den in der twenty-second round Shirkey proke your civil service vertebrae and you proke Shirkey's chawbone; and den Shirkey proke your telephone connection and you gafe him a left hook on der debartment of der interior, and den der men behind der guns came out and pigged up enough blue blood to subbly all der royal families of Europe—ain't id, Chim?"

"A cash register could not toll der story mit more perfectness," set Cheff.

"Vell, now, den," I set, "knowledge me dis inflammation, of you please. How many lungs and hearts and rips and visbones can a prize-fightingist ged proke before he loses his breathe and geds in der dead leader office?"

"I want to see a handsome vault erected on the monument grounds. When a body is brought here we can carry it there with proper escort and ceremonies. This will avoid the necessity for the present long walk, and the next day the remains can be taken to Arlington and interred in their final resting place."

WILSON—"There is one thing I hope to see changed before I go out of office," said General John M. Wilson, Chief of the Engineer Corps, the other day. "Many a good officer has caught the cold that caused his death by tramping through frightful weather to Arlington, acting as an escort to the remains of some brother officer sent there for interment. It is a long walk, and in bad weather is trying to the health and endurance of the best of men."

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CORTELYOU.—The Assistant Secretary to the

"Hat ha!" set Cheff, showing a plack and pluck spot on der laugh. "Dot is a professional secret, and if I told you you vill make me a challenges for der championship of der vorld! Nothing ditting! nothing ditting! If I told you how to live mit your rips proke and your lungs friekmeesed and your heart full of thumb holes you vould be a knowledger like me and you vould be running around looging for Bop Fitzchimmions to smush him on der freckles mit your right and left! Nothing ditting, Dinky! nothing ditting!"

Yust den a larche chentlemans mit a chest like a varchouse sidding in front of his shoulders came in and set to Cheff, "Dank Heffen! ve haf found id, Chim!"

"Id is der southeastern cart of my left ear," set Cheff to me, gifting der larche chentlemans four thousand dollars in goit. "Haf dey found Tum's forehead vare I removed id in der excitement?"

"Nod yet," set der larche chentlemans, looging at me so hart dot I pigged up my hat and fell out of der house."

I dink prize-fighting is a luffly pizness ven you are a freight car, vot you dinks?"

DIEDERICH DINKELSPIEL.

(Per George V. Hobart.)

## WITH MEN OF NOTE IN WASHINGTON. THE MAN WHO KNOWS THE PRESIDENT BEST.

M'KINLEY—The President has not failed to vote at an important election since he became the Chief Magistrate. In accordance with that custom he will start for Canton to-night. He will travel in a special car, accompanied only by Assistant Secretary Cortelyou.

After voting on Tuesday morning the President will return to Washington at once. The telegraph companies and news associations have made arrangements to keep him informed as to results of the election as he speeds back toward Washington. He will stay up until about 3 o'clock Wednesday morning, by which time he hopes to have a good idea about how the people have settled the political questions at issue.

DEWEY—When Admiral Dewey entered the railroad station in Washington yesterday he walked over to the newspaper stand to purchase New York papers. He laid down a dime and started off, when the newsboy halted him. "Four cents more, please," said the boy.

"How's that?" asked the Admiral.

"New York's are seven cents each in Washington, sir," replied the lad.

The Admiral paid the difference and walked out to his train like any other every day passenger.

ROOT—The Secretary of War has not lost any of the energy that characterized him as one of New York's hard-working lawyers. He is at work every morning at his desk in his residence before his clerks have begun to start for the Department. He burns the midnight gas freely. On Saturday night he kept a stenographer until after midnight dictating his annual report.

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President more than any other man in the country enjoys the absolute confidence of the President. Mr. Cortelyou is a New Yorker, who first came to Washington as the private secretary of Major Rathbone, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. From that place he went to the White House, where his relations with Harrison and Cleveland were of the most confidential character.

With McKinley, however, Mr. Cortelyou enjoys a relationship that is envied by the most prominent politicians of the party. He is noted for his discretion, and is a perfect Sphinx on subjects which the President is not prepared to give to the politicians or public.

HAWLEY.—The Senator, soldier and statesman has returned to Washington and will plunge at once into work preparatory to the coming session. He has been abroad with Mrs. Hawley, spending his time on the Continent. "I am ready for the coming session," said the General to a Journal reporter, "and I anticipate a good deal of work before my committee this year. The war will cause much legislation for the Military Committee to consider, and with affairs of such importance before it the chairman cannot get to work any too soon."